

MONTHLY CROP REPORT.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE AND STATISTICS.
FRANKFORT, KY., July 1, 1890.

This crop was planted two or three weeks later than usual, but is doing fairly well. The cultivation was to a great extent neglected on account of wheat and meadow harvest, and only the most provident farmers have given it proper attention. At this date last year the acreage was 105 and condition 100. This year the acreage is about 5 per cent. less and the condition about 10 per cent. worse than last year. Last year was possibly the best corn year the State has ever had. The planting was almost in good time, and the season was almost perfect to promise its growth. This year the acreage has been reduced by reason of low prices and the lateness of planting on account of the excessive rains during the ordinary plowing and planting season. The stalk is, however, vigorous, with a good stand and with a favorable season will make a fine yield.

There never was in the history of this important cereal a better outlook than in the early stages of this crop. It was sown in good time and sprouted well. All during the fall and winter the prospect was flattering, as the stalk was large and deeply rooted, with a strong and vigorous growth. During the month of March there was a severe freeze, which apparently killed the blades, but the season being favorable for a while afterwards, it was thought the damage would be slight. The seeds of blight and disaster it seems were sown during this period, and the excessive rains which followed have jointly conspired to reduce materially the total product as compared with last year. Recent advices from important wheat counties in Western Kentucky, where farmers have threshed their crops, show from 30 to 45 per cent. of last year, with the statement that some crops show a good plump grain, the majority indicate a shriveled grain, which would indicate light weight and a poor yield of flour. The crop has nearly all been harvested and shocked in good condition. In Western Kentucky the threshers are busy, and the crop is being sold generally from the thrasher. There is a good deal of complaint of smut, cheat and cockle, but it is not general. At this time last year the average compared with the previous year was 97, and the condition 87. The condition this year is 84, and the average 100 as compared with the previous year. The loss in condition indicates a very material shortage in the total of the crop yield.

All tobacco men very well know it is yet too early to say what the crop will be as to final results. I have in preparation a theory that will approximate the acreage as compared with 1887, 1888 and 1889, and hope to give the particulars in my report of August 1st. There has been in some sections a scarcity of plants, but they have been generally plentiful. The season for setting was in good time and of long duration. In old lands the plants have thrived off at the bottom, which may be recalled, and only the back have been left in new lands the planting is doing well. It is proper to state that at this date last year I quoted tobacco at 100 in condition. The condition as reported this year is 80, as compared with last year. The comparative average has not yet determined.

The stand is considered good. Full reports will be made August 1st.

Now and then a farmer reports a fair crop, but in all the history of crops in Kentucky for many years there has not been a more complete failure of any crop than the oats crop this year. It is accounted for in various ways, but in my judgment it is caused by two reasons. 1st. It was sown three weeks late. 2d. The weather packed the ground on the young and tender roots, and prevented the assimilation of a sufficient amount of plant-food. Then wet weather caused the rust, and much complaint was made of live on the roots. The oats crop to be a success must be sown in the season, it must have the soil in good condition. It is a crop even when sown in season purely of weather conditions.

This very important crop seems to have been neglected in acreage. The average compared with last year is only 85. It is very useful for horses, and is a very fine fodder for stock. I propose to show my confidence in this product by distributing liberally of the seed for next season.

The average of this crop is 100, and the condition 90.

The condition is 100 compared with average crops.

There has been a gradual reduction of sheep in Kentucky for some years past. The wool clip compared with 1889 is 942 per cent., showing a reduction in the clip of 54 per cent. There is, however, a very well-defined disposition to increase the amount of sheep as the surplus of land is largely being used for grass.

The crop is reported at 104 in condition, but is generally infested with white top.

Is exceptionally fine, and is rated in condition at 110.

Of all kinds are good, but needing rain.

Are generally good, and rate fully 100 with average years.

are very fine to date. Some complaint is made of mildew and rot, but is not general.

Apples and peaches. Apples are reported at 50 per cent. in amount and peaches at 31. Many counties report peaches as all being killed.

Yesterday there were local rains over the State. Most crops are now needing rain. If we do not have a general rain in the next week or ten days the result as to condition of crops will be serious.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. V. WILSON,
Commissioner.

Endorsed by the Press.

"For several months past the readers of this paper have seen each week special reading notices, showing the wonderful cures effected by Swift's Specific, better known as S. S. S., and in the face of such testimony we are ready to say that in all the world there is not so good a blood medicine as this remedy. The cures are simply miraculous. If any of our readers are affected with any of the blood diseases that it is known to so effectually cure why do they not give S. S. S. a trial. The company who make the remedy is one of the largest patent medicine firms in the United States, and are heartily endorsed by the leading men of Atlanta and Georgia." Lake Region, Easton, Fla.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases THE SWEET SISTER CO., Atlanta, Ga.

POISONED BY LYF.

A Little Son of Mr. J. R. Field Meets a Horrible Death Under Peculiar Circumstances.

Bennie, the five-year-old son of Mr. J. R. Field, who lives near the fair ground, went to Powers Sunday to visit his aunt. Late Monday evening while playing in the kitchen, he found some concentrated lye in a pan that had been used to scrub the floor. He stuck his fingers in the solution, and feeling it burn his fingers, he stuck them in his mouth. In doing so he swallowed a small quantity of the lye, which burned his throat as it went down and produced a stricture of the esophagus, from which he died yesterday morning, after several hours of the most intense suffering. The remains were brought here yesterday at 1 o'clock and interred at Elmwood—Owensboro Messenger.

Only a few more days now and our candidates will relinquish the wearisome bushwhacking canvases and begin to exhibit to the people publicly the principles upon which their claims for suffrage are based. This is as it should be. It may be said by some that county offices should not be political, but this canvass is a contest of principles and not of men, and insignificant as this election may seem it will have its effect upon the more important one in November. Let every one support the principles now that he would support in a national election. There should be no fear upon the part of Democracy. Her principles are not to be ashamed of, and will stand the test of public analysis and criticism. Let the good work begin.

Representative Henderson, of the pension committee, heartily claims that the present House has appropriated \$167,119.73 for benefit of the soldier. This is a permanent charge going for a generation yet. It is nearly 60 per cent. of the national expenditures. It is equal to the combined annual cost of the standing armies of Great Britain and Germany. The surplus spenders should remember it, while the soldier may be in need, the tax-payers may be in need also.

It has ever been a general belief that an organization of farmers and laborers could not be permanent. The present situation dispels any such theories. The organization that was so long confined to narrow districts is now a national one, and so vigorous are its workings that it commands the attention and respect of all classes. Nothing could have given it such strength but the oppression that rendered its propagation a necessity.

That Monstrosity. Oh, summer girl! When will you realize how every man of common sense or taste is daily having his poor feelings bruised and hurt by your parade before his tear dimmed eyes of that incongruous sight—a maid's slim waist Enveloped in a hideous, hard-bodied shirt.

—Terre Haute Express.

The New York Herald keeps the following paragraph standing at the head of its editorial column: "The expenditures for pensions for the year ending to-day, as now officially stated, amounted to \$109,257,534. Last year we paid \$87,024,779.11, while the year before that we paid \$80,288,508.77. The cost of the German army, it may be interesting to note, is for this year estimated at \$91,726,263. Besides our pensions our army costs \$30,000,000."

The July number of Little Men and Women reaches our table promptly, as usual. The little stories and verses are attractive and charmingly illustrated. The child who is so fortunate as to have this magazine is filled with new delight as each number comes from the post-office, and its happiness for the time is complete. D. Lathrop Company publishers. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Science cannot produce a better remedy for all malarial diseases than "C. C. C. Certain Chills Cure." Pleasant to take. Guaranteed to cure Chills and Fever. Sold by G. W. Short.

Timey for June.

Returned Bride—Nobody guessed that we were a bridal couple!

Friend—How did you throw them off the track?

"Tried to act as though we were."

Lawrence American.

"NOBODY WILL EVER SEE IT."

A Story for the Benefit of Those Who "Don't Believe in Advertising." The advantages of thoroughly advertising whatever one has to sell have been set forth by the newspaper in the strongest light, so that most people acknowledge the necessity of being advertised. The Vallego (Cal.) Chronicle contains the following, which illustrates this subject, and proves that a man may be a doubting Thomas, yet have considerable faith when it becomes aroused by some extraordinary circumstance:

A short time ago we called upon a certain man in business in Vallego, and asked him why he did not advertise in The Chronicle.

"Oh, because," he answered, "what's the use? Nobody will ever see it."

"You're mistaken," said we; "every page in our paper is read."

"Nonsense," he replied; "even if they did read my 'ad,' people would never think of it again. I don't want to advertise."

"But"—"No buts at all. I don't want to advertise and don't bother me any more. I'm busy." And he walked back into his store and strangled a poor little fly that was helping itself from a barrel of sugar.

Time passed, and we never again intimated "advertisement" to him, although meeting him daily. Yesterday the gentleman called at our sanctum, looking a little uncertain as to how he would be received. We cherished no hard feelings, and motioned him to a chair.

"I suppose you heard of that little affair of yule before?"

"Oh, yes," said we; "that little escapade on Kearney street night before last."

"Yes, we got all the particulars"—"Hush! Not so loud, please," said he; "of course, you are going to say nothing in the paper about it."

"And why not? It's a matter of interest to your friends and the people generally."

"Heaven! Why, it would ruin me!"

"Oh, no, guess not. Nobody will ever see it."

"Yes, they will. And it will ruin me as sure as I'm sitting here. I'll be the laughing stock of the town. They will see it!"

We rose and touched him impressively on the shoulder.

"Well, we will admit that the people will see it, but then, you know, they will never think of it again."

His words came back to him like a flash and he trembled so violently that his eyeballs fairly jingled; and he was such an object of commiseration that we promised to keep mum. This little moral, as drawn from the above, is applicable to the world over. Ask a man to advertise and he will immediately say, in the majority of cases, that "Nobody will ever see it," but advertise gratis some little indiscretion he may commit and he immediately grows indignant over the certainty that the whole world will know it.

THE CITY "JAY."

He is Generally Worse Than His Country Cousin—An Instance.

"The city 'jay' is a heap more of a lamb than the worst 'hayseed' that ever walked," said a business acquaintance. "I've just had fresh proof of it. You remember the horse sale held here a short time ago? I made up my mind to buy a horse, and went down there. A friend of mine, who knew that I had good judgment regarding horseflesh, asked me if I could help him in selecting one, and I said I would, so we went down together. He had a buggy horse, but he wanted a better one, and didn't want to be swindled. We looked the horses over somewhat, and I became interested in a mare of fine condition and blood and bought her. A short time afterward a 5-year-old colt was brought into the ring and it caught my friend's eye at once. He asked me what I thought of it. I looked the horse over and told him it was a fine animal and that he would make no mistake in buying it. The colt was put up without any special attention having been given it, and at an off moment and before my friend knew it, the horse had been knocked down to him for the ridiculously low figure of \$85. I told him he had a good bargain and went away."

"The other day I ran across him and asked him how he liked his purchase. He looked at me kind of sheepish and made a confession. Said he had weakened somewhat of the purchase after he had taken possession of the colt, and it had occurred to him that an \$85 horse wasn't exactly what he wanted. While he was meditating, with more or less regret, on the purchase, he ran against a man who asked him if he had bought the colt. He told the stranger he had, and the man smiled and said the colt was vicious and plenty dead at \$85. Then the stranger said he had a spare big good driving horse, and if my friend would give him his stable address he would drive around next day and show him the animal. This was done, and the man came with a fine animal and took my friend for a spin on the boulevard. He led him at his door, and called on him the next day and tried to negotiate a sale, but my friend, having two horses, didn't want another. The upshot of it all was that my friend traded his two horses for the one of the stranger and gave him an order on the stableman for \$85, the understanding being that the man was to deliver the horse he had exhibited when he took the other two away. My friend called around at the stable in the afternoon to see his new possession, and was floored to learn that his two horses had been taken away and nothing left in exchange. And he didn't know the swindler or anything about him. He is now mourning the loss of the horse he owned in the first place and also the colt, which was worth \$900 of any man's money. When the city man enters the 'chummy' class he takes the blue ribbon."

—Chicago Herald.

True, in One Sense.

First Barnstormer—Faith, me friend, I am overjoyed to see you. What luck? A regular ovation at your last appearance, I hope.

Second Barnstormer—S'death, me boy, I know not what you call an ovation. Yet, hold! Mine was such, if you bear in mind that in Latin ovum meaneth an egg.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A good book is one that you remember with pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, who are yet only characters of the imagination.

A French journal estimates that the total length of the telegraph wires of the world, including submarine cables, exceeds 500,000 miles. Four-fifths of which are in Europe and America.

Three Matches.

Mrs. Globetrot—So your three daughters have been married since I left?

Mrs. Homebody—Yes. Clara married a count, Marie married a millionaire, and Nellie married for love.—New York Weekly.

Color and Music Allied.

It is well known to all who have studied music that there are three fundamental notes, viz: The first, third and fifth of the scale, represented in the natural key of C major by the letters C, E and G. These notes, when sounded together, produce the common chord, and are the foundation of all harmony in musical composition. So it is in chromatics—there are likewise only three fundamental colors—blue, red and yellow, forming the triad, whence arises all harmony in painting.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

50th Caps at the Grave.

A new innovation at funerals here recently is silk skull caps, to be worn by the minister in charge and the bearers at the grave; also by the male members of the family. The caps are put on in the carriages and the ordinary hats left there, the caps to be worn all the time at the grave. It will prevent many colds.—Hartford Times.

Accomplished Par.

Suitor (entering parlor)—I hope, Miss Lucy, that you did not eat onions. The smell of that detestable vegetable fills the hall.

Lucy—Oh, no, I never eat them, and they are not allowed in the house. My little brother just passed through the hall, and he must have bought some at the apothecary's and breathed heavily.—Epoch.

A REMARKABLE SAD CASE.

STRANGE AFFLICTION OF A CINCINNATI MERCHANT'S SON.

A Boy White Withening with Epilepsy Recovers Two Terrible Events in His Life. After an Hour's Intense Struggle He Recovers Completely.

One Monday afternoon a boy, handsome and well dressed, suddenly fell to the floor of the postoffice corridor and lay as if dead. Several persons hastened to carry him into Postmaster Riley's private office, where he was stretched upon a table near the door. The postmaster at once sent for the nearest physician, Dr. Herron, and while awaiting his coming directed and assisted in the work of restoring the lad to consciousness. All efforts were in vain, and the boy lay with his eyes closed and his breath coming faintly and spasmodically through his parted lips.

The postmaster found in the lad's inside pocket a card, on which was written: "If I am taken sick send for my father."—No. 8—Symeon street of no use. Said he:

"My boy has within the past year become subject to fits of a very remarkable character. He is about to have one of these fits, and it will last an hour."

HISTORY OF THE BOY. The character of the boy's attack is indeed strange. He is now about 17 years old. About four years ago he was a student in the preparatory department of Kenyon college, at Gambier, O. At that time he had a quarrel with one of his fellow students, and then himself.

The quarrel resulted in a fight which was bitterly contested, and during which his boy strained himself and overexerted his entire nervous system. Shortly afterward he was sent to Colorado on a visit.

One day he was out hunting with a friend and was shot through the left lung. The shooting is said to have been accidental, but there has always been a mystery about it, and the boy would never tell what happened.

His nervous system, impaired by the terrible fight, was completely unstrung by the wound. Some months afterward which he was seized with an epileptic attack, during which he acted over again in detail the two great and unfortunate events of his life.

About ten persons were standing about the unconscious lad, who lay upon the floor where his father had directed them to put him. The father took away his watch and his knife and left him his handkerchief. In a few moments the boy began to writhe, and then followed a scene which has probably never been duplicated in the history of medicine.

THE TERRIBLE SCENE. The boy proceeded to act out the fight at Gambier. First he thrust out both fists and struck several blows at the empty air. Then came the grappling. The lad seemed to be straining to throw or shake off his unseen and mythical antagonist. The muscles of his neck swelled, his hands twitched, his face became dark red from the rush of blood. Now and then he would strike out with all his might, and grit his teeth savagely. Finally he seemed to writhe and strain more vigorously, but with less success against his adversary. At last his back was arched high from the floor upon which he was lying, and then he sank back as if exhausted and overcome. He had given a perfect picture of a terrible athletic contest of a weak man against a stronger.

For a few moments he lay very still, and then began to act out the shooting in Colorado. Suddenly he threw himself along the floor, while his face writhed with agony. He then clutched at his breast in the left side, and his face grew deathly white. His lips murmured, and he was heard to say in a low, hoarse voice: "Don't telephone father that I'm sick. Don't—don't—don't." Then he muttered: "It is bleeding. I must stop the blood," and ceasing to clutch at the place where only a scar now remains of a once terrible wound, he began to look through his pockets. He soon found his handkerchief, and raising himself upon his elbow pressed the cloth against his breast, while his closed eyes seemed bent upon it.

"Too large, too large," he muttered, and, putting the end of the handkerchief in his mouth, he twisted it until he had made a sharp point. This he thrust against his forehead, and then he sank back into what seemed almost as natural as sleep.

During all this time the father had stood by with blanched face and eyes streaming tears, watching every movement of the writhing body of his child. When the last act of the shooting tragedy was over he gave a sigh of relief. In a few minutes the boy's eyes opened. In five minutes more he was sitting up, and in fifteen minutes he was walking from the office with his father, apparently not the slightest lessened from what he had just been through.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

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MAKING SLAG WOOL.

A Wonderful Process and a More Wonderful Product of Great Value.

Slag wool is formed by causing a jet of steam to impinge upon the stream of molten slag as it issues from the furnace. This has the effect of dispersing or breaking up the slag into countless small beads like particles, each of which, as it flies away, carries behind it a delicate thread of finely drawn or "spun" slag. In order to collect the slag filaments thus created and to separate the fibers from the beads or heavier portion of slag, the steam jet is arranged at the mouth of an open cylinder of sheet iron, in which a strong air current is induced by means of additional jets of steam. The tube or shaft is furnished with a shield or striking plate, which detains the heavier particles, the lighter slag wool being carried by the draught upwards and onwards into a large chamber like a gigantic meat safe, having its walls formed of wire netting with about sixteen meshes to the square inch. Here the steam condenses and escapes, and the slag wool, which has the appearance of flakes of snow, is deposited on the floor and round the sides, the lightest portions being carried to the greater distances.

The filaments of slag wool form a fine way, though of considerable length, are of such delicacy and fineness that they are broken up into numberless fragments and felted together into a substance much resembling cotton wool. This mineral wool is extremely light and absolutely fire proof; it is a marvelous non-conductor of heat and of sound, and it is so porous that it will absorb large quantities of water and retain the same for a considerable time.

It has been found extremely valuable as a covering for boilers, water pipes and such like—owing to its relatively low conducting power—and for fire curtains for theatres, its lightness and resistance of fire and sound rendering it an excellent substance for such a purpose. It is, moreover, an antiseptic, and this property, along with its extreme porosity, renders it applicable for medical purposes.—Newcastle Chronicle.

The Dog of Aughrim.

At the hard fought battle of Aughrim an Irish officer was accompanied by his wolf hound. This gentleman was killed and his body stripped on the battlefield, but the dog remained by it both by day and night. He fed upon some of the other bodies with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them, or any one else, to come near that of his master. When all the other bodies were consumed the other dogs departed, but this faithful creature used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and in the morning to return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. This he continued to do from July, when the battle was fought, through the cold and dreary winter until the January following, when a soldier, whose regiment was quartered near that spot, going that way by chance, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his beloved master's bones, flew with great fierceness upon the soldier, who, being thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the attack, unsling his carbine, he having been thrown on his back, and killed the noble animal.—New York Mail and Express.

No More Wrinkled Faces.

A frown will mar the prettiest face. It doesn't matter about a boy, but the small girl does violence to beauty and youth by ruffling her forehead or frowning her brow. It is, too, a habit acquired very early in life. After her pouting days are over she begins to frown, and keeps on frowning until old enough to realize the banefulness of the habit. In other words, each ridge is supposed to add a decade to her apparent age. Now somebody has made the discovery of a couple of muscles between the bridge of the nose and the root of the hair which can be cut without pain or injury to the feelings or face. The services of a skilled surgeon are secured, who applies the knife, severs the delicate cords, dresses the wound, and after the skin heals the forehead becomes as smooth as the temple, and what is most remarkable, remains so. Whoever says that the New York woman does not study her glass is a sublimed idiot. Her motto of life is, "Know thyself."—New York World.

Bible Written in Shorthand.

There are many curious copies of the Bible in the various collections of Europe and America, but it is doubtful if there is a duplicate for the one belonging to Dr. R. T. Williams, of London, in all the collections in the world. This odd copy of Holy Writ is written in shorthand and is complete throughout. It was written by an apprentice, who was suspicious of James II's intentions regarding Protestantism. If deprived of his printed copy he hoped to have the little shorthand volume left.—St. Louis Republic.

Zola's Opinions.

Zola has fixed opinions on Socialism, and says at heart he believes himself to be a Socialist. He alarmed us one day by saying, "Before another century shall have hardly begun—nay, before this century ends—I believe society will be overturned. This social revolution will begin in Germany, I am sure, for German Socialists are the most determined. My books are all written in pity, for I have carefully studied the miseries of miners, the miseries of all workmen. The revolution of 1789 did nothing for the working classes, I mean the ouvriers. The peasants obtained land; the ouvriers lost privileges they had formerly enjoyed. Let us hope that this social transformation will come without bloodshed, for otherwise what may occur I know not."—Paris Letter.

Notable Cats.

The most notable cat that ever lived was Jim, the big tortoise shell feline of the Union Square theatre in New York. It was able to perform sixty different tricks and do almost everything except talk. In his last sickness Dr. Dovey, the cat and dog doctor of Fourth street, was employed at \$4 a visit to attend poor Jim, but his services proved unavailing, and the Broadway litterer, has the finest and wisest black cat in the east, and Bryan McConny, the Hibernian shoemaker of the metropolis, possesses a pair of tortoise shell cats that have no superior in the country.—Indianapolis Sun.

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GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC



It is as pleasant to the taste as lemon syrup. The smallest infant will take it and never know it is medicine. Children cry for it. Never fails to cure. Chills come broken will not return. Cost you only half the price of other Chill Tonics. No quinine needed. No purgative needed. Contains no poisons. Cheaper than quinine. It purifies the blood and removes all malarial poisons from the system. It is as large as any dollar bottle and RETAINS FOR 50 CENTS.

WARRANTED

Prepared and Bottled by J. C. OWEN, Dr. J. C. OWEN, Dr. J. C. OWEN, Dr. J. C. OWEN, Dr. J. C. OWEN